ALBERT PINKHAM RYDER

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THE CORCORAN GALLERY OF ART
Washington, D. C.

FOREWORD

We are most grateful to Mr. Lloyd Goodrich, Director of The Whitney Museum of American Art and the leading authority on Ryder, for the essay on the artist he has prepared for this catalogue, as well as for the advice and assistance he has given us so generously. Mr. Goodrich has helped with the selection of the works to be displayed and has been consulted on a multitude of details.

For one of the most original aspects of this exhibition, we are grateful to two members of our Women's Committee who worked in close cooperation with the organizer: Mrs. John R. Slidell has given unstintingly of her time for the research that has produced literary parallels for most of the paintings. Mrs. Philip W. Amram has also participated actively in this project.

The establishment of parallels between the paintings of Ryder and well-known literary works is entirely justified in the case of an artist who was such an avid reader and whose artistic inspiration was so "literary". They will, I am sure, contribute much to the general appreciation of his art.

The Gallery's staff, in spite of the ever-increasing load of administrative work imposed on us all by the steady expansion of the Gallery's activities, has devoted as much energy, enthusiasm and hard work to this as it has to the other major spring exhibitions presented in past years.

Among the members of the staff, I should like to express my appreciation to Henri Dorra, Assistant Director of the Gallery, who has assumed complete responsibility for the exhibition. He was ably assisted by Anita Szegvari in the early stages, and by Ruth Hirshman more recently. Our Registrar, Mary Hoffman Forbes, took care of many of the administrative details, while Gudmund Vigtel, Assistant to the Director, is responsible for the installation's color scheme.

Without the generous support of the collectors and museum directors and curators who have lent the works this exhibition would not have been possible. We are deeply grateful to them.

Hermann Warner Williams, Jr.
Director

INTRODUCTION

This exhibition of the work of Albert Pinkham Ryder is one of a series The Corcoran Gallery of Art is devoting to great American artists. Only two large exhibitions of Albert Ryder's work have been organized: the first one, soon after his death, was presented at The Metropolitan Museum of Art in 1917; the second one, at The Whitney Museum of American Art, celebrated the 100th anniversary of his birth in 1947.

It seems particularly fitting that at a time when a number of contemporary American artists are establishing themselves internationally we should re-examine the work of one of the most original American artists. Indeed, for all his debt to the late romantic European painters, Ryder has contributed a simplicity of vision and an intensity of expression that seem to be typically American and that have helped develop the trends of our own century.

It is a well-known fact that many of Ryder's paintings were directly inspired by literary works. He himself wrote poems to accompany some of his paintings. In the course of work on the exhibition, furthermore, we became aware of the striking analogies that existed between a great many of his paintings and the mood or tenor of various pieces of poetry of his time. This is not entirely fortuitous: Ryder was an enthusiastic reader of English poetry, and he sometimes distilled the essence of a poem, much as he distilled his perception of nature, to turn it into one of his visionary compositions.

Our first aim in organizing this exhibition was not to establish parallels between his work and specific poems. It was to assemble a representative set of Ryder's most distinguished works. It so happens, however, that practically every painting could be paired with a literary excerpt. In fairness to the visitors we have been careful to distinguish between the poems which are directly related to a painting and those which were merely put there because of an analogy of mood. The latter are marked with an asterisk.

Henri Dorra
Assistant Director

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ALBERT PINKHAM RYDER

Lloyd Goodrich

I

The romantic tradition in American art is an old one. In the late eighteenth century West and Copley, both American-born, had anticipated the French romantic movement in their subject-matter if not in their style, which was derived from the High Renaissance. Their successors Allston, Vanderlyn, Morse and Rembrandt Peale had continued these noble essays in the Grand Style. In a more native vein the Hudson River school had celebrated the romantic beauties of the American continent in huge canvases that were at once panoramic and meticulous. Their subject-matter and viewpoint were romantic, but their style remained literal and naturalistic, especially when contrasted with their contemporaries, the French romantics and the Barbizon painters.

In the 1860's and 1870's the Hudson River form of romanticism began to give way to the more intimate and introspective art of Hunt, Inness, Martin, Fuller, Newman, Blakelock and Ryder. Instead of naturalistic representation of romantic subjects, these younger men expressed personal emotion in the language of color, tone and design. Subjective romanticism replaced literal romanticism. Of all this generation of subjective romantics, the purest and most original was Ryder.

Albert Pinkham Ryder's ancestors on both his father's and mother's sides belonged to old Cape Cod families. The youngest of four brothers, he was born in New Bedford, Massachusetts, on March 19, 1847. The town was then the greatest whaling port in the world. His father, a dealer in fuel, was also boarding officer in the harbor, and many of the Ryder family followed the sea, including two of the artist's brothers. From infancy, the sea and ships must have been central elements in his life. His education ended with grammar school because of his eyes, which troubled him all his life; if he painted too long they became inflamed—perhaps one reason for his later love of the night.

He began painting on his own, without training except for some advice by an amateur. In later life he described how he "went out into the fields" and struggled vainly to picture what he saw, until one day "the old scene presented itself framed in an opening between two trees. It stood out like a painted canvas. . . . There was no detail to vex the eye. Three solid masses of

form and color — sky, foliage and earth — the whole bathed in an atmosphere of golden luminosity. I threw my brushes aside; they were too small for the work in hand. I squeezed out big chunks of pure, moist color and taking my palette knife, I laid on blue, green, white and brown. . . . Exultantly I painted until the sun sank below the horizon, then I raced around the fields like a colt let loose, and literally bellowed for joy."

About 1870 he moved with his parents to New York, his home for the rest of his life. Applying to the school of the National Academy of Design, he was rejected; but fortunately at this time he met William Edgar Marshall, a portraitist and engraver who had studied in Paris under Thomas Couture. Marshall, ten years older, was an unconventional artist who produced portraits of famous men, naive but with a feeling for character, and also some religious and romantic pictures of genuine quality. Marshall encouraged the younger man to continue painting and to bring him his work for criticism. After a time Ryder applied again to the Academy with a picture which had benefited by this advice, and he was admitted. Marshall "remained his friendly critic for some time," and his friend for life.

When he entered the Academy, probably in the fall of 1870, Ryder was twenty-three, a late age to begin formal training. He was registered for four seasons, through that of 1874-1875, but not for the 1873-1874 season. His studies were entirely in the antique class except for the season of 1871-1872 in the life class. At the same time he was painting on his own, for he exhibited (for the first time as far as we know) in the Academy in the spring of 1873. This limited art education contrasted with the thorough academic training that many of his colleagues were getting in Paris and Munich.

Since Ryder never dated his paintings, their exact chronology is impossible to determine. But from old records and descriptions we know that his early pictures were mostly landscapes, usually with figures, horses or cows. These landscapes were evidently based on memories of the country around New Bedford, as anyone familiar with its secluded pastures and old stone walls can recognize. The hours were usually sunset, twilight or moonlight rather than the blaze of noonday—Ryder's nocturnal spirit was already apparent. The pastoral poetry of these works was utterly personal. Their scale was modest, their style of a childlike simplicity, their forms odd and original. Although the most naturalistic of Ryder's works, they already had the strangeness and intensity of dream imagery; they were landscapes of the inner mind.

The existing personal accounts of Ryder are mostly of him in later life, when he had become a recluse and an eccentric. But as a young man, while shy, he had many friends among his fellow artists. Early descriptions and photographs picture him as fairly tall, already inclined to be heavy, with a fine high forehead, eyes expressive of sensibility and reverie, fair skin, and a full reddish-brown beard—a face far from ordinary. Friends have spoken of his gentle voice and his sweetness of disposition. Until over thirty he lived with his family, and was probably assisted by his older brother William, who was in the restaurant and hotel business. About 1880 he moved to the Benedick Building on Washington Square, where many other bachelor artists lived, including several of his closest friends such as J. Alden Weir, Wyatt Eaton, William Gedney Bunce, and the sculptor Olin L. Warner.

Although Ryder had exhibited at the Academy in 1873, he was included only once in the next seven years. The Academy, almost the only exhibiting medium in New York, was at this time controlled by the old guard. But a younger generation with freer ideas was beginning to return from Europe. In the ensuing struggle Ryder was on the side of the so-called "New Movement." About 1875 Cottier & Co., the English firm which had recently opened a New York branch, invited him to exhibit along with four other young painters who had been rejected by the Academy — Abbott Thayer, Francis Lathrop, Helena de Kay and Maria Oakey. The interest aroused by this show was a factor in the founding in 1877 of the Society of American Artists, which for the next two decades was the leading liberal art organization. Ryder was one of its twenty-two founders, and his work was shown chiefly in its exhibitions through the 1880's. The small scale and the oddity of his pictures caused little critical notice, and that mostly unfavorable. Until

he was forty he found few purchasers, and at low prices—about a hundred to three hundred dollars. His chief patrons were Daniel Cottier and his American partner James S. Inglis, who became his personal friends.

Ryder's first trip abroad was in 1877, for a month's stay in London. In early May 1882 he again sailed for London, where he stayed for a few weeks with Daniel Cottier and visited some of the cathedral towns. Then he and Cottier went to Paris, where they met Warner. The three friends journeyed to Spain, crossed from Gibraltar to Tangier and back, and took ship for Marseilles and Italy, where they probably visited Naples, Rome and Venice; thence through Switzerland to Paris and back again to London. From the boat in the Straits of Gibraltar Ryder wrote his friend Charles de Kay, "I am quite surfeited with travel and would like to be home again." In early October he and Warner were back in the Benedick, and their mutual friend Weir reported: "They are full of the great art treasures that they have seen, they walked over the Simplon pass in the Alps and had a grand time, yet they seem equally delighted to get back again, as do all."

Ryder was to cross the Atlantic twice again, in 1887 and 1896, on ships commanded by Captain John Robinson, a friend of his and Cottier's. These times he travelled just for the sea voyage, spending only a couple of weeks in London and returning by the same ship. Thus his total foreign experience was considerably less than most of his American contemporaries.

II

When he was in his middle thirties Ryder's art began to develop its full imaginative range. Up to then it had been chiefly landscapes and idyllic scenes, small in scale and relatively naturalistic in style. In the early 1880's commenced the series of poetic, legendary and religious paintings which were his greatest achievements — *Pegasus, Toilers of the Sea, Resurrection, Christ Appearing to Mary, The Temple of the Mind, Jonah, The Flying Dutchman, The Story of the Cross, Siegfried and the Rhine Maidens, Constance, The Tempest, The Race Track, Macbeth and the Witches, The Forest of Arden, Under a Cloud.* All or almost all of these works were at least begun in the fifteen or so years from the early 1880's to the late 1890's. Our information on Ryder's early years is not sufficient to furnish definite reasons for this flowering of his art. Probably there were several factors: the natural maturing that comes to creative artists after thirty, the stimulus of his association with the "New Movement," recognition by Cottier and a few collectors, his removal from the family home to the Benedick, his trips abroad.

In this new phase his subjects were drawn partly from memories of the sea and the country, as in his earlier work, but more from literature and legend — the Bible, and the great poetry of the English-speaking world — the ballads, Chaucer, Shakespeare (his greatest admiration), and the nineteenth-century romantics, Coleridge, Byron, Campbell, Moore, Poe, Tennyson. Wagner's operas inspired two of his greatest works, *Siegfried* and *The Flying Dutchman.* But his paintings were never merely "literary." They were not literal illustrations, but imaginative dramas inspired by great themes. Often the subject was only the starting-point for pictorial invention, as in *The Temple of the Mind*, where the horror of Poe's *Haunted Palace* was translated into serene moonlit melancholy.

The world of nature always played an essential part. The blasted heath in *Macbeth*, the wildly tossing trees in *Siegfried*, the turmoil of the waves in *Jonah* and *The Flying Dutchman*, the unearthly beauty of the landscape in *The Forest of Arden*, the infinitely lonely sea and sky in *Constance*—in all these nature was not a mere background but a principal actor, as expressive of emotion as the human actors. To Ryder nature

was a presence, a living embodiment of man's subjective self, of his ecstasies and fears, of the drama of his inner life.

The sea, which had played such a part in Ryder's early years, haunted him all his life—its vastness and loneliness, the rhythmic flow of its waters, the majesty of its storms, its profound peace. His frequent image of a lone boat sailing moonlit seas might be a symbol of man's lonely journey through infinity and eternity. In these little marines is concentrated the essence of the sea as it lives in the mind of man.

But to Ryder nature was not a cold alien force. At the center of his mind was religious faith—not mere outward conformity but a profound and unchanging belief in divine guidance over man and nature. Some of his most impressive and moving works were based on the life of Christ. Often he pictured the human being at the mercy of natural forces, but under supernatural protection. In *Jonah*, God appears watching over his prophet; in *Constance*, Chaucer's queen and her child drift without sail or rudder in an empty sea, but are being miraculously guided toward home.

In some aspects Ryder was a tragic artist: *Siegfried*, *Macbeth*, *The Flying Dutchman* and *The Race Track* were all tragic subjects, filled with a sense of dread and doom. But his art had no bitter pessimism, no violence of fantasy, no love of the macabre. It revealed a sense of the grandeur of tragedy that was in its way Shakespearian. Ryder's mind, as with most American romantics, was idealistic, with a fundamental innocence. He was not sophisticated enough to be morbid. His art was more akin to the first flowering of romanticism in Delacroix and Géricault than to its *fin-de-siècle* manifestations in Gustave Moreau and Burne-Jones. While lacking Delacroix' great range, Ryder had the belief, the unconsciousness and the emotional depth of the great age of romanticism, of which he was a legitimate if belated son. His most pessimistic picture—most "morbid" if you will—as well as one of the most compelling, was *The Race Track*, an allegory of death based on the suicide of a friend who had lost his life's savings on a horse race. "This fact formed a cloud over my mind that I could not throw off," he wrote, "and 'The Race Track' is the result." Here was no Pre-Raphaelite literature, but personal symbolism growing out of personal emotion.

As with all genuine visionaries, Ryder's inner world seems to have been more real to him than the external world in which he lived. His imagery was like that appearing in dreams, arising out of the depths of the subconscious mind. In his mind, memories and legends and literary concepts went through a process of transformation, emerging as images of the inner eye. Purified of meaningless externals, his images were charged with the essential significance that belongs to dreams. They carry the conviction of things actually seen and experienced. This purity of the subjective image is a quality as precious as it is rare in the art of our time. It set him apart from the more literary and sentimental romantic art of the period.

While he seldom if ever painted directly from nature (except in his earliest years) he was continually looking and observing, and there was a definite element of naturalism in his work. He walked much in New York and its environs, and on summer evenings when the moon was full he would often stay outdoors all night. He told the painter Alexander Shilling that on these excursions he "soaked in the moonlight" that reappeared in his pictures. His strange cloud shapes were well observed, and the effect of moonlight on color and values. His vision was consistent with natural laws; his distortions were evidently unconscious. However, he was not restricted to the literal naturalism that was the chief limitation of his academic contemporaries. He once said: "The artist should fear to become the slave of detail. He should strive to express his thought and not the surface of it. What avails a storm cloud accurate in form and color if the storm is not therein?" To him, painting was not dead representation, but a creative physical language speaking directly to the senses. He used natural forms far more freely than any American artist of his day. He simplified them to their essentials; he purified them of everything that was not plastic; he shaped them to the rhythms of his instinctive sense of design.

With all the obscurity and seeming vagueness of his paintings, everything in them was

definitely formed. The edges might be veiled, but the core of the form was solid. Mass was more important than outline. He had that rare gift, a passion for form like that which others have for color. His forms were living and sensuously rich; and they possessed rhythmic movement; every line and shape had a vital flow, and were part of the large rhythmic pattern. He had a highly developed sense of the harmony of the whole; all elements played their parts in a total design that was right and inevitable. In all these respects he was one of the purest plastic creators of his period in any country.

His color was prevailingly dark, but with a translucent depth. Its range was not wide; seldom did he attempt the variety of a colorist like Delacroix. Some of his finest color harmonies were limited to variations of three or four colors, and some were almost monochromes. As he matured his paintings were more and more set in a particular chromatic key, different for each work: *Siegfried* was greenish golden bronze, *The Race Track* warm brownish olive, *Macbeth* deep blue-green, a midnight harmony. When one compares one picture with another, one sees how distinct is the key of each.

Ryder's plastic qualities seem to have been achieved by pure instinct, not by theory. He conceived slowly: "I've carried the idea for some of my pictures around in my mind for five years before I began to put them on canvass," he once said. Walter Pach wrote in 1911: "Mr. Ryder uses no sketches from nature, but lays the picture in according to what he feels to be its needs. Then follows a process of small or large changes that frequently extends over a period of years. The position of clouds in a sky, the contour of a hill, or the movement of a figure undergo infinite modifications until the stability and harmony of masses is attained." Ryder himself could not explain this process. He said to Pach: "I work altogether from my feelings for these things, I have no rule. And I think it is better to get the design first before I try for the color." "I am getting the *Lorelei* into shape," he wrote a friend in 1906. "I think she was too perpendicular on the rock; reclining, more as I have her now, seems to help the feeling of the picture very much; of such little things painted dreams are made." When Kenneth Hayes Miller commented on the fine placing of the figure, Ryder said, "Do you know, she's been all over that rock." It is interesting that x-rays have confirmed his searching methods, and his many changes. They also sometimes reveal a sureness of draftsmanship in the underpainting that is not apparent on the surface. The same sure draftsmanship appears also in his few drawings.

He worked a long time over most of his paintings: *Macbeth* and *The Race Track* were each fifteen to twenty years in process. He hated to part with his pictures, and would keep them in his studio for years. Sometimes he would even borrow them back from their owners to work more on them.

His technique was far from simple. Aiming at the utmost richness of pigment and color, he built up his pictures with impastos and glazes, layer upon layer, until the paint was sometimes a quarter of an inch thick. His best paintings were as sensuously rich as enamel or porcelain. In this striving for depth and translucence he was running counter to current technical trends, which had abandoned the complexity of the old masters in favor of direct painting. Unfortunately Ryder's fine intentions were not supported by knowledge of traditional techniques, and to secure his effects he used dangerously unsound methods, employing strange mediums such as candlegrease and alcohol, painting over surfaces that were still wet, and relying too much on varnish. Hence almost all his pictures have deteriorated in some degree, a few have been completely ruined, and many have had to be continuously restored. Contemporary descriptions of the jewel-like richness of certain works when first painted make us realize what a tragedy it was that Ryder did not have sound technical knowledge.

Ryder's relations to other art and artists are difficult to determine. Fundamentally he was a naive artist, whose art was based on subjective imagery and on observation of the real world. He himself laid great stress on originality, on the value of purely personal emotion and expression. This belief in the uniqueness of the individual contribution was one of the main tenets of his artistic creed, stated frequently in letters and con-

versations, and particularly in the published "Paragraphs from the Studio of a Recluse," based on an interview with him in 1905, which is the main source of our information about his artistic beliefs. In the latter he said: "Imitation is not inspiration, and inspiration only can give birth to the work of art. The least of a man's original emanation is better than the best of a borrowed thought." And again: "The artist has only to remain true to his dream and it will possess his work in such a manner that it will resemble the work of no other man—for no two visions are alike."

Many of his letters have been preserved, but they contain practically no general discussion of art, or references to other artists. The same was true of his conversation as recorded by friends. Kenneth Hayes Miller, who knew him well in later years, said that his talk on art was all about its poetry and sentiment, not its artistic qualities. He seems to have had no particular interest in the old masters. In the "Paragraphs" he said: "In pure perfection of technique, coloring and composition, the art that has already been achieved may be imitated, but never surpassed. Modern art must strike out from the old and assert its individual right to live through Twentieth Century impressionism and interpretation. The new is not revealed to those whose eyes are fastened in worship upon the old." Speaking to Miller of the old masters (whom Miller revered) he said, "They were great painters, but one can still be an artist."

The two artists of modern times whom he most admired were Corot and Matthew Maris. Miller said, "He talked about Corot as about a woman he loved." He would have had many opportunities to see the work of Corot and the other Barbizon painters in the houses of Daniel Cottier (who was a leading collector of the school) and his partner James Inglis. Matthew Maris, younger brother of the more famous Jacob, lived in London and worked for Cottier as a decorative artist. Ryder visited him in his studio and was much impressed, and often talked about him and his way of living, which was somewhat like his own: Maris also was a recluse, working long over his pictures and producing few of them. His sensitive and introspective art had affinities to Ryder's, and his work as well as his personality may have influenced the younger painter. But Ryder's art soon developed a wider range of imagination and a greater plastic vitality than Maris'.

So our direct evidence on Ryder's contacts with European art is meagre. But aside from such contacts, there was the whole artistic atmosphere of the period—the environment which inevitably influences an artist's ways of seeing and conceiving, consciously or unconsciously. In the United States of Ryder's formative years, the dominant non-academic taste was for the Barbizon school. And in many ways Ryder's art was related to them, especially Corot. Like Corot, he was an idyllic poet and a lover of nature, with a gift for transforming natural forms into plastic form. Like Corot he saw things in masses rather than sharp-edged shapes; he simplified; he relied on tonal values and worked within a relatively restricted color gamut. At the same time, the differences were great: his religious sense contrasted with Corot's paganism, his Gothic fantasy with Corot's classicism, his nocturnal spirit with Corot's sunlit naturalism.

Ryder's mind and art had affinities equally close—in some cases closer—with other schools and individuals: Blake and his followers, Edward Calvert and Samuel Palmer; the French romantics, and the romantic members of the Barbizon school, Dupré and Diaz; and such widely separated artists as Goya, Turner, Daumier, Monticelli and Redon. We have no evidence for his knowing the works of these artists; he may have, or the similarities may be coincidental.

Without becoming involved in this kind of conjecture, Mr. Henri Dorra of The Corcoran Gallery of Art has recently written an illminating analysis of Ryder's relations to the international art of his day. He rightly concludes: "Far from establishing Ryder's dependence on any one artist, these analogies reveal to what an extent he was participating in the most advanced creative thinking of his time."

III

As Ryder's work matured in the 1880's it met with a somewhat more favorable reception from critics and collectors. His first champion among writers was Charles de Kay of the *New York Times*, who in 1890 published the first full-length magazine article on him. Collectors such as Thomas B. Clarke began to buy his work, though still for low prices. (In the Clarke sale in 1899 *The Temple of the Mind* was to fetch $2,250 and another picture $1,000—prices which brought no profit to the artist but helped establish the financial status of his work.) After he was forty he exhibited infrequently in the big shows, probably not due to rejection but because he was no longer interested. Never in his whole lifetime was he to achieve wide public recognition; his reputation was confined to a few collectors, critics and fellow artists. The small number of his patrons, and his own limited production, kept him from ever attaining financial success, or even security.

In all practical matters Ryder was completely unworldly. Reputation, money, social standing, even ordinary comforts, meant nothing to him. He never married, he dressed shabbily, his living quarters were in the utmost disorder. "The artist needs but a roof, a crust of bread and his easel," he said, "and all the rest God gives him in abundance. He must live to paint and not paint to live. He cannot be a good fellow; he is rarely a wealthy man, and upon the potboiler is inscribed the epitaph of his art." Fortunately, as with most impractical gifted people, there were friends who saw that he did not starve—Cottier and Inglis, William Macbeth, collectors such as Alexander Morten, Dr. A. T. Sanden, and the poet-lawyer, Charles Erskine Scott Wood. Weir kept a watchful eye on him, and at least once sold a picture presented to him by Ryder years earlier, and gave his friend the proceeds.

In later life Ryder was a big heavy man with unkempt hair and beard, wearing the clothes of a tramp—an old sweater, a worn overcoat infested with moths, a fisherman's knitted wool cap. He continued to walk much around the city, especially at night, and in New Jersey across the river. When Captain Robinson's ship was in port he spent many evenings on board, watching the harbor traffic and the play of moonlight and night lights. He haunted the parks, which furnished material for his landscapes; a letter to Mrs. Warner in 1897 about *The Forest of Arden* said: "Bronx Park has helped me wonderfully, and I would have gone out today for that breezy agitation of nature that is so beautiful, but the rain has spoiled my plans." This urban method of observing nature is in amusing contrast to impressionist practices.

Ryder not only loved poetry, he himself composed a number of poems, not for publication but for his own pleasure. Some were accompaniments to particular pictures. All were lyrics expressing his emotions about nature or romantic sentiments about love. Though quite naive and often verging on the sentimental, their fantasy was akin to his paintings; and occasional happy phrases and images ("the mist soft moulded to the cape") reveal a poetic gift that might have developed further. Ryder was much devoted to his poems, recited them on the least excuse, and sent copies to friends as Christmas or birthday greetings.

While his poetry was full of amorous sentiments, it seems probable that his admiration for women was platonic. There is a story of his hearing an unknown woman playing a violin in his building, of his calling on her and asking her to marry him, and of his friends packing him off to Europe; but this may be legend. Miller said that he had no air of having been hurt by any such affair. To those who knew him best he gave a conviction, in spite of his helplessness in practical matters, of inner harmony and peace.

From the middle 1890's he lived for fifteen years at 308 West Fifteenth Street, New York, in two rooms which soon reached a condition of incredible confusion and dirt. Since he was incapable of housekeeping and never threw anything away, the place was piled waist-high with

every kind of object — old newspapers, painting materials, soiled clothes, food, unwashed dishes, ashes. Paths through this rubbish led to the door, the easel and the fireplace. He slept on a piece of carpet on the floor.

In his early fifties his creative powers began to wane. As he said to Miller, he could no longer "strike a picture in" as he had when younger. This decline, to be expected in old age, affected him earlier than most artists. Perhaps it was due partly to his way of living; his letters speak more and more of his health and his home-made methods for preserving it. Or perhaps his imaginative gift, like that of the lyric poet, could not last a lifetime. His active painting career seems to have amounted to about thirty-five years, with his period of greatest creativity concentrated into about fifteen years. His entire life work numbered only about a hundred and sixty-five paintings, many of them small or unfinished.

After about 1900 few new paintings were originated, and most of his time was devoted to working on pictures already started, some of them years before. His resistance to giving up his works became intensified almost to a mania. Even after a painting had been bought and paid for he would sometimes keep it for years for further refinement. Of one purchaser he said to Pach: "I was worried somewhat at first by his wanting to take his picture away before I had finished, but lately he has been very nice about it—only comes around once a year or so."

The relative scarcity of his works and the moderate increase in demand had one unfortunate result: forgeries began to appear in his last years. He wrote in 1915 to Alexander Morten: "I rarely sign my paintings, having always felt that they spoke for themselves, but . . . I am sorry to say, a great many spurious Ryders have lately come into the market." After his death the manufacture of "Ryders" increased, until today there are probably five forgeries for every genuine picture. The forgers specialized in moonlit marines with lone boats, painted in raucous greens and in a crude shortcut imitation of his style, complete with synthetic cracks. In the end the fakers so confused things that they no longer knew Ryder's style, and imitated each other. Thorough documentation and scientific examination have been necessary to separate the genuine from the false.

While Ryder's eccentricities increased as he grew older, he was never completely a hermit, for he continued to see old friends such as Weir and the Warners, and remembered them with letters, poems and little gifts. But he was shy of new friendships, except for a few younger artists drawn to him by admiration of his art, notably Kenneth Hayes Miller and Marsden Hartley. Among his closest later friends were a couple who lived in the same house — Charles Fitzpatrick, a carpenter and ex-sailor, and his wife Louise, an amateur painter. This kind couple took care of him as best they could, and in his old age, in 1915, took him into their house in Elmhurst, Long Island. Here he died on March 28, 1917, a few days after his seventieth birthday.

Ryder's art ran directly counter to what seemed like the prevailing trends in American art of his time—impressionism, Whistlerian aestheticism, the brilliant visual naturalism of the Sargent school. Whistler rejected "literature"; Ryder nourished his art on it. The impressionists stressed sunlight and outdoor color; Ryder painted a nocturnal and crepuscular world. They pushed color to new clarities and brilliancies; Ryder painted darkly. They and the Sargent school focussed on visual appearances; he shunned them, and concentrated on form and design. In relation to current tendencies he seemed anachronistic—a belated romantic, as Eakins seemed a belated naturalist. Nor did Ryder found any "school"; his art was too personal for that—though he did have an influence on a few artists who were temperamentally akin: Hartley, Miller, Davies.

But today we can see that in certain respects he is closer to the spirit of our age than any of his American contemporaries: in his relation to the subconscious mind, his freedom from literal representation, his intuitive methods of creation, his use of form and color to build abstract design. The small scale of his paintings, their darkness, their relative fewness, do not detract from the purity of his imaginative and his plastic achievement.

ILLUSTRATIONS

1. MENDING THE HARNESS
National Gallery of Art, Gift of Sam A. Lewisohn

. . . . Then followed that beautiful season,
Called by the pious Acadian peasants the Summer-of-All-Saints!
Filled was the air with a dreamy and magical light; and the landscape
Lay as if new-created in all the freshness of childhood.
Peace seemed to reign upon earth, and the restless heart of the ocean
Was for a moment consoled. . . . .

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW: "Evangeline, A Tale of Acadie" *

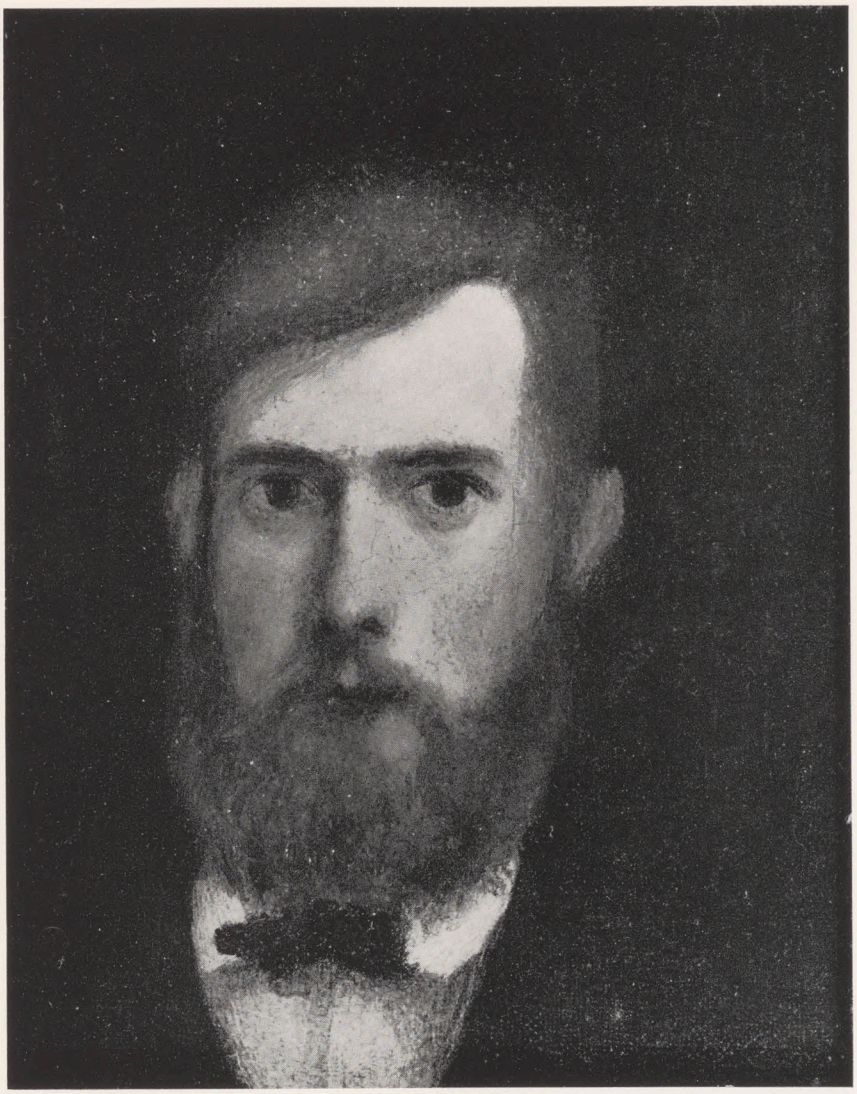
* *denotes that the poem is not directly related to the painting.*

16. The Lovers' Boat, or Moonlight on the Waters
Guennol Collection

In splendor rare, the moon,
In full-orbed splendor,
On sea and darkness making light,
While windy spaces and night,
In all vastness, did make,
With cattled hill and lake,
A scene grand and lovely.

Then, gliding above the
Dark water, a lover's boat,
In quiet beauty, did float
Upon the scene, mingling shadows
Into the deeper shadows
Of sky and land reflected.

Albert Pinkham Ryder: "The Lovers' Boat"

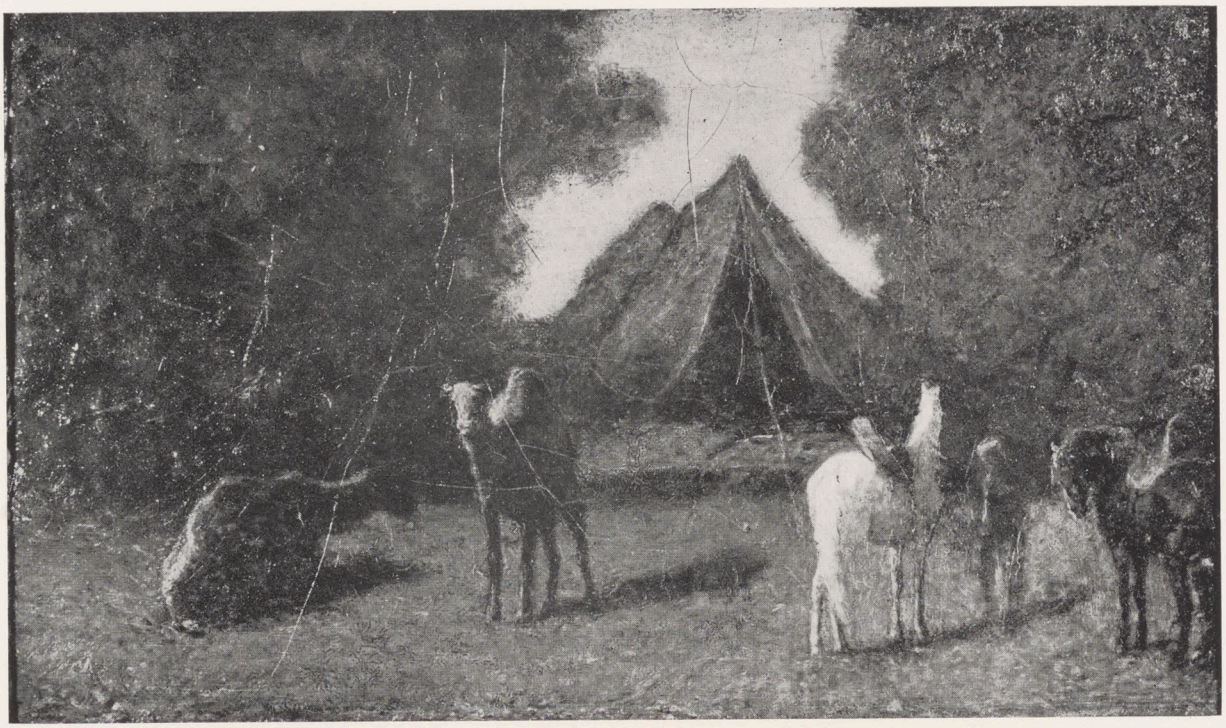


17. SELF-PORTRAIT
Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence A. Fleischman

There is another Loneliness
That many die without,
Not want of friends occasions it,
Or circumstance or lot.

But nature sometimes, sometimes thought,
And whoso it befall
Is richer than could be divulged
By mortal numeral.

XVIII, *The Poems of* EMILY DICKINSON *



20. Oriental Camp
Amherst College

. . . . . .

And the night shall be filled with music
And the cares that infest the day,
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow: "The Day is Done"

It is known that Ryder recited this excerpt to a friend when showing him the painting.

21. Pegasus, or the Poet on Pegasus Entering the Realm of the Muses
Worcester Art Museum

. . . . . .

And such too is the grandeur of the dooms
We have imagined for the mighty dead;
All lovely tales that we have heard or read:
An endless fountain of immortal drink,
Pouring unto us from the heaven's brink.

Nor do we merely feel these essences
For one short hour; no, even as the trees
That whisper round a temple become soon
Dear as the temple's self, so does the moon,
The passion poesy, glories infinite,
Haunt us till they become a cheering light
Unto our souls, and bound to us so fast,
That, whether there be shine, or gloom o'ercast,
They always must be with us, or we die.

John Keats: *Endymion,* Book I *

In the greenest of our valleys
By good angels tenanted,
Once a fair and stately palace—
Radiant palace—reared its head.
In the monarch Thought's dominion
It stood there!
Never seraph spread a pinion
Over fabric half so fair!

Banners yellow, glorious, golden,
On its roof did float and flow,
(This—all this—was in the olden
Time long ago,)
And every gentle air that dallied,
In that sweet day,
Along the ramparts plumed and pallid,
A winged odor went away.

Wanderers in that happy valley,
Through two luminous windows, saw
Spirits moving musically,
To a lute's well-tuned law,
Round about a throne where, sitting,
(Porphyrogene!)
In state his glory well befitting,
The ruler of the realm was seen.

And all with pearl and ruby glowing
Was the fair palace door,
Through which came flowing, flowing, flowing
And sparkling evermore,
A troop of Echoes, whose sweet duty
Was but to sing,
In voices of surpassing beauty,
The wit and wisdom of their king.

But evil things, in robes of sorrow,
Assailed the monarch's high estate.
(Ah, let us mourn!—for never morrow
Shall dawn upon him desolate!)
And round about his home the glory
That blushed and bloomed,
Is but a dim-remembered story
Of the old time entombed.

And travellers, now, within that valley,
Through the red-litten windows see
Vast forms, that move fantastically
To a discordant melody,
While, like a ghastly rapid river,
Through the pale door
A hideous throng rush out forever
And laugh—but smile no more.

EDGAR ALLEN POE: "The Haunted Palace"

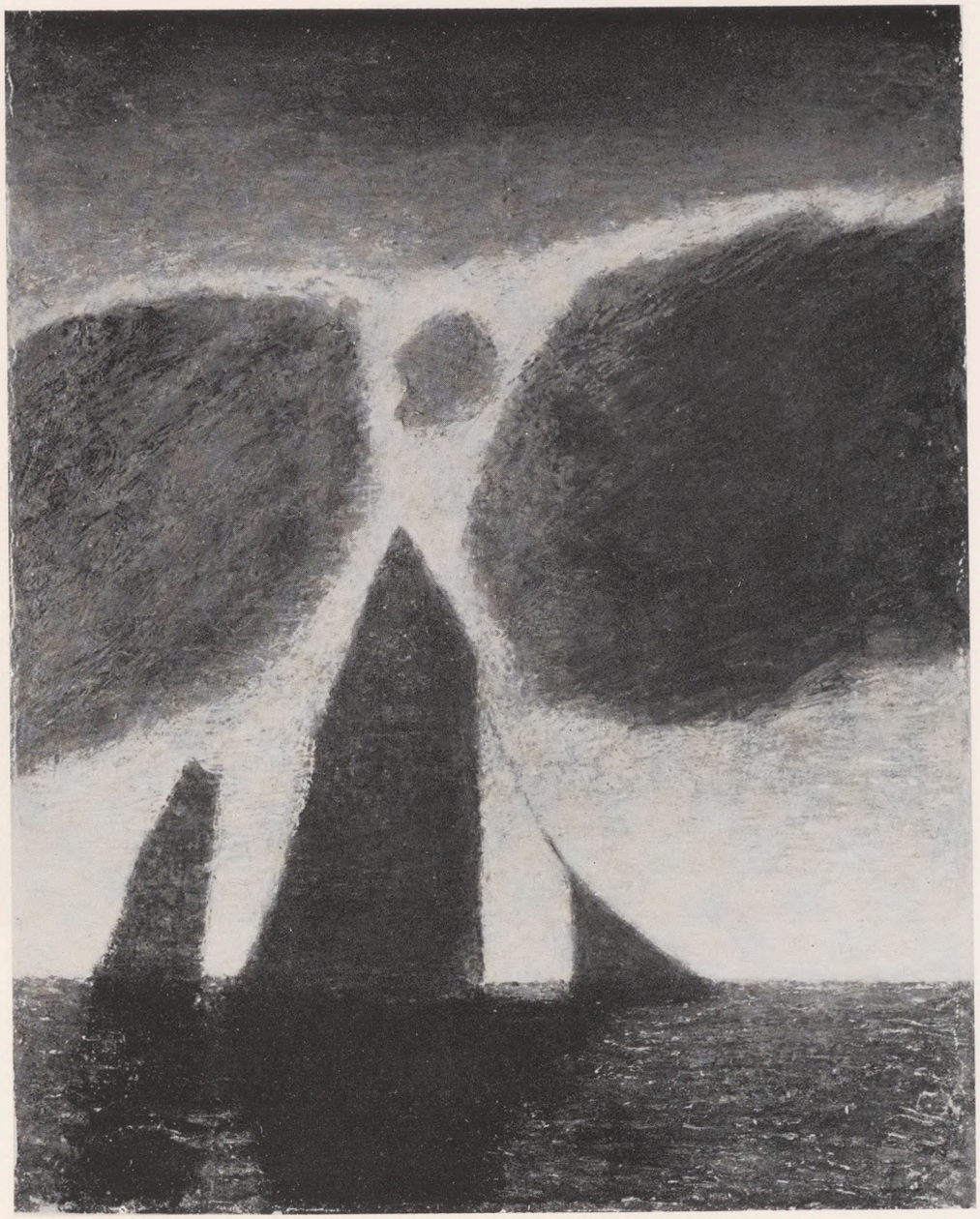
It is known that Ryder based the painting on the poem.

23. The Temple of the Mind
Albright Art Gallery, Buffalo, New York

26. Moonlit Cove
The Phillips Collection, Washington

. . . . . the moon may draw the sea;
The cloud may stoop from heaven and take the shape,
With fold to fold, of mountain or of cape;
. . . . . .

Alfred Lord Tennyson: "The Princess" *



27. MARINE
Mr. and Mrs. Leo M. Rogers

On this wondrous sea,
Sailing silently,
Knowest thou the shore
Ho! pilot, ho!
Where no breakers roar,
Where the storm is o'er?

In the silent west
Many sails at rest,
Their anchors fast;
Thither I pilot thee,
Land, ho! Eternity!
Ashore at last!

CXLI, *The Poems of* EMILY DICKINSON *

28. Under A Cloud
Dr. and Mrs. T. Durland van Orden

. . . . . spectral sails that crossed
The weird, low light of rising moons.
. . . . . .

John Greenleaf Whittier: "A Sea Dream" *

29. THE LITTLE MAID OF ARCADY
Dr. and Mrs. Irving Levitt

. . . . . .

Fair was she to behold, that maiden of seventeen summers.
Black were her eyes as the berry that grows on the thorn by the wayside,
Black, yet how softly they gleamed beneath the brown shade of her tresses!
Sweet was her breath as the breath of kine that feed in the meadows.

. . . . . .

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW: "Evangeline, A Tale of Acadie" *

31. Joan of Arc
Worcester Art Museum,
Theodore T. and Mary G. Ellis Collection

On a rude mossy throne
Made by Nature in the stone
Joan sits; and her eyes far away
Rest upon the mountains gray.
And far beyond the moving clouds
That wrap the sky in vap'rous shrouds
Visions, she sees—
And voices come to her on the breeze.

. . . . . .

Who knows what God knows?
His hand He never shows,
Yet miracles with less are wrought,
Even with a thought.

Albert Pinkham Ryder: "Joan of Arc"

30. The Sentimental Journey
Canajoharie Art Gallery

Dim vales—and shadowy floods—
And cloudy-looking woods,
Whose forms we can't discover
For the tears that drip all over.
Huge moons there wax and wane
Again—again—again—
. . . . . .

Edgar Allan Poe: "Fairy-Land" *

37. The Hunter's Rest
Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence A. Fleischman

. . . . . .

Whoso walks in solitude
And inhabiteth the wood,
Choosing light, wave, rock, and bird,
Before the money-loving herd,
Into that forester shall pass,
From these companions, power and grace.

. . . . . .

Ralph Waldo Emerson: "Woodnotes II" *

38. THE DEAD BIRD
The Phillips Collection, Washington

A toad can die of light!
Death is the common right
Of toads and men,—
Of earl and midge
The privilege.

Why swagger then?
The gnat's supremacy
Is large as thine.

CXXXVII, *The Poems of* EMILY DICKINSON *

32. PERRETTE
Smith College Museum of Art

. . . . . .

Castles in Spain, castles in Spain!
Who builds you not, though built in vain?
Pistol and Pyrrhus and Perrette,
All, wise and fools alike, these lures beset.
Each mortal has his waking dreams,
The dearest of his inward joys,
When some sweet lie his soul bewitches,
And to his flattered sense he seems
Lord of the world and all its toys,
All its women, all its riches.
When I'm alone, I brave the least afeared,
I stride and strut, I pull the Sophy's beard,
I'm chosen King, my peoples love me;
Crowns shower from the skies above me,
But if the least thing calls me back, 'tis gone—
I'm still the same old Gaffer John.

"The Dairy Maid and the Pot of Milk", *The Fables of* JEAN DE LA FONTAINE, translated into English verse by Edward Marsh

42. DIANA
Dr. and Mrs. John J. Mayers

. . . . . daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phoebus in his strength—a malady
Most incident to maids; bold oxlips and
The crown-imperial; lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-luce being one! . . . .

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *The Winter's Tale,* Act IV, Scene 4 *

47. Weir's Orchard
Mr. T. Edward Hanley

. . . . . .

Fair Quiet, have I found thee here,
And Innocence thy sister dear?
Mistaken long, I sought you then
In busy companies of men:
Your sacred plants, if here below,
Only among the plants will grow.
Society is all but rude,
To this delicious solitude.

. . . . . .

Andrew Marvell: "Thoughts in a Garden" *

. . . . . .

How much better thou'rt attended
Than the Son of God could be,
When from heaven He descended,
And became a child like thee!

. . . . . .

'Twas to save thee child, from dying,
Save my dear from burning flame,
Bitter groans, and endless crying,
That my blest Redeemer came.

May'st thou live to know and fear Him,
Trust and love Him all thy days!
Then go dwell for ever near Him,
See His face, and sing His praise!

Isaac Watts: "A Cradle Hymn" *

49. The Story of the Cross
Guennol Collection

51. SIEGFRIED AND THE RHINE MAIDENS
National Gallery of Art, Mellon Collection

THE RHINE MAIDENS:

. . . . . .

O Sun-god,
send to us the hero
who will give us back our treasure.
If it were ours,
we never more
would envy your eye for its radiance,
noble star of waters!

VOGLINDA:
The sound of his horn!

VELLGUNDA:
The hero comes.

. . . . . .

RICHARD WAGNER: "The Twilight of the Gods"
from *The Ring of Nibelung* translated by
Steward Robb

52. THE TEMPEST
The Detroit Institute of Arts

MIRANDA:—
If by your art, my dearest father, you have
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them.
The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,
But that the sea, mounting to the welkin's cheek,
Dashes the fire out. O, I have suffer'd
With those that I saw suffer! a brave vessel,
Who had, no doubt, some noble creature in her,
Dash'd all to pieces. O, the cry did knock
Against my very heart! Poor souls, they perish'd!
Had I been any god of power, I would
Have sunk the sea within the earth, or ere
It should the good ship so have swallow'd and
The fraughting souls within her.
. . . . . .

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *The Tempest,* Act I, Scene 2

54. MACBETH AND THE WITCHES
The Phillips Collection, Washington

BANQUO:

. . . . . What are these,
So wither'd, and so wild in their attire,
That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,
And yet are on't? Live you? or are you aught
That man may question? You seem to understand
me,
By each at once her choppy finger laying
Upon her skinny lips: you should be women,
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
That you are so.

MACBETH:
Speak, if you can: what are you?
. . . . . .

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Macbeth*, Act I, Scene 3

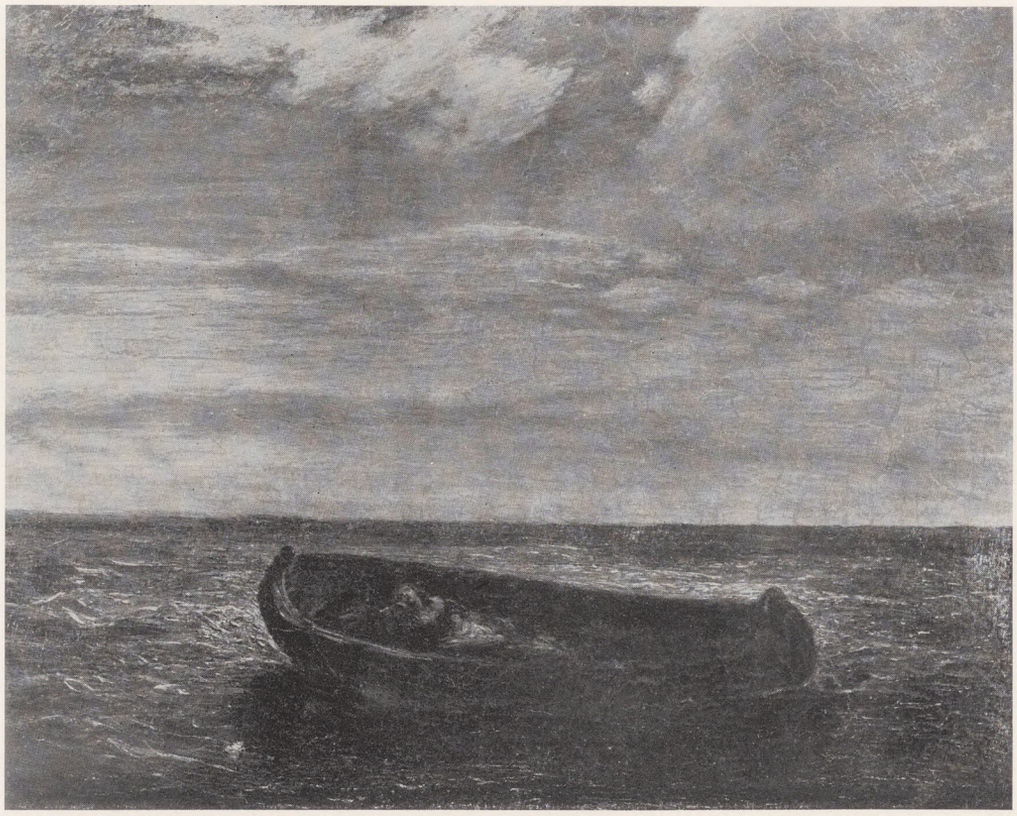
55. DESDEMONDA
The Phillips Collection, Washington

DESDEMONA:
. . . . . do not talk to me, Emilia;
I cannot weep, nor answer have I none
But what should go by water. Prithee, to-night
Lay on my bed my wedding sheets: remember;
And call thy husband hither.
. . . . . .
'Tis meet I should be used so, very meet.
How have I been behaved, that he might stick
The small'st opinion on my least misuse?

IAGO:
What is your pleasure, madam? How is't with you?

DESDEMONA:
I cannot tell. Those that do teach young babes
Do it with gentle means and easy tasks:
He might have chid me so; for, in good faith,
I am a child to chiding.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Othello,* Act IV, Scene 2



56. CONSTANCE
Museum of Fine Arts, Boston

. . . . . .

God pleased this wondrous miracle to give
Through her, that we his mighty works should see:
Christ, that to every ill is curative,
Can, as clerks know, by certain agency
Do something for a purpose that may be
Dark to man's wit; our clouded human sense
Can never know his larger providence.

Now since she was not slain, what man or law
Kept her from drowning later in the sea?
But who kept Jonah in the fish's maw
Till he was spouted up at Nineveh?
Well may men know that it was none but He
That led the Hebrews in escape from slaughter
With dry feet through the walls of ocean water.

Whence might this woman drink and victual have?
How could her food three years and more endure
Who fed St. Mary the Egyptian in her cave
Or in the desert? None but Christ, for sure.
With a few loaves and fish to feed the poor—
Five thousand—was as marvelous a deed
God sent his plenty to her in her need.

. . . . . .

GEOFFREY CHAUCER: "The Man of Law's Tale"

58. LANDSCAPE
The Metropolitan Museum of Art, Gift of Frederick Kuhne, 1952

. . . . . .

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds.

. . . . . .

THOMAS GRAY: "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard" *

I do not know why this confronts me,
    This sadness, this echo of pain;
A curious legend still haunts me,
    Still haunts and obsesses my brain:

The air is cool; it is twilight.
    Peacefully flows the Rhine.
The summits gleam with the high light
    Of sunset's curious shine.

And on one peak, half-dreaming
    She sits, enthroned and fair;
Like a goddess, dazzling and gleaming,
    She combs her golden hair.
With a gold comb she is combing
    Her hair as she sings a song—
A song that, heard through the gloaming,
    Is magically sweet and strong.

The boatman has heard; it has bound him
    In the throes of a strange, wild love.
He is blind to the reefs that surround him;
    He is rapt with the vision above.

And lo, the wild waters are springing—
    The boat and the boatman are gone. . .
And this, with her poignant singing,
    The Loreley has done.

Poems of HEINRICH HEINE, translated by
Louis Untermeyer

57. The Lorelei
Guennol Collection

CATALOGUE

The works are listed in approximately chronological order. Ryder never dated his paintings and he worked on many of them for years. For about twenty-five of the pictures in the exhibition, early records of sales, reproductions, exhibitions or published references, give some indication of dates, often only approximate. In these cases, the information is given below. The other paintings have been arranged in general relation to the foregoing, on the basis of subject and style. The works are unsigned except when signatures are given below. All works are in oil unless otherwise noted. Sizes are given in inches, height preceding width.

1. MENDING THE HARNESS
Canvas. 19 x 22⅝ (L.G. 1959, pl. 4)
Signed l.r.: A. P. Ryder
National Gallery of Art
Gift of Sam A. Lewisohn
Illustrated

2. THE SHEEPFOLD
Canvas. 8½ x 10½ (L.G. 1959, pl. 3, p. 14, 113)
Probably late 1870's
A. A. Healy—
Brooklyn Museum Collection

3. EVENING GLOW — THE OLD RED COW
Canvas. 7⅞ x 9 1/16 (L.G. 1959, pl. 6)
Brooklyn Museum Collection
Loeser Art Fund

4. THE GRAZING HORSE
Canvas. 10¼ x 14 3/16 (L.G. 1959, pl. 8)
Signed on back of stretcher: Albert P. Ryder, Nov. 12, 1914 (Signed at the time of its purchase by the Brooklyn Museum; not the date of its execution.)
Brooklyn Museum Collection
Graham School of Design Fund

5. THE WHITE HORSE
Canvas mounted on wood. 8⅛ x 10 (L.G. 1959, pl. 23)
The Art Museum, Princeton University

6. THE STABLE
Canvas. 8 x 10
Signed l.r.: (traces of inscription now illegible)
The Corcoran Gallery of Art

7. THE BARNYARD
Wood panel. 11½ x 12 (L.G. 1959, pl. 7)
The Munson-Williams-Proctor Institute

8. THE WOOD ROAD
Canvas. 6¼ x 6⅞ (L.G. 1959, pl. 13)
Signed: discernible under microscope
Dr. and Mrs. Loring Holmes Dodd

9. THE LONE HORSEMAN
Composition board. 7 15/16 x 14½ (L.G. 1959, pl. 19)
Signed l.r.: A P Ryder
Guennol Collection

10. AUTUMN LANDSCAPE
Canvas. 18¼ x 24¼
Signed l.l.: A P Ryder
Guennol Collection

11. THE WATERING PLACE
Wood. 8¾ x 11⅜
Signed l.l.: Ryder
Mrs. Albert E. McVitty

12. LANDSCAPE SKETCH
Canvas. 5¾ x 7¼
Ione and Hudson Walker

13. THE POND
Canvas. 12¼ x 16½ (L.G. 1959, pl. 22)
Signed l.l.: Ryder
Walker Art Center, Minneapolis

14. AT THE FORD

Wood. 12 x $11\frac{3}{8}$
Signed l.l.: A. Ryder
DAVID B. FINDLAY

15. THE CULPRIT FAY

Mirror designed by Stanford White, decorated with sixteen panels by Ryder. Overall size of mirror: $20\frac{1}{4}$ x $20\frac{1}{4}$. Each square panel: $2\frac{1}{8}$ x $2\frac{1}{8}$. Each oblong panel: $2\frac{3}{4}$ x $2\frac{1}{8}$ or $2\frac{1}{8}$ x $2\frac{3}{4}$.
About 1880.
Based on Joseph Rodman Drake's poem, "The Culprit Fay".
PHYLLIS DE KAY WHEELOCK

16. THE LOVERS' BOAT, or MOONLIGHT ON THE WATERS

Wood. $11\frac{3}{8}$ x 12 (L.G. 1959, pl. 12, p. 114)
Signed l.l.: A P Ryder
Exhibited in 1881, with poem of same title by Ryder. Poem quoted in Goodrich: *Ryder,* 1959, p. 114
GUENNOL COLLECTION
Illustrated

17. SELF-PORTRAIT

Canvas mounted on wood panel. $6\frac{1}{2}$ x 5 (L.G. 1959, pl. 1, p. 113)
Probably early 1880's
MR. AND MRS. LAWRENCE A. FLEISCHMAN
Illustrated

18. BY THE TOMB OF THE PROPHET

Wood. $5\frac{13}{16}$ x $11\frac{7}{16}$ (L.G. 1959, pl. 42, p. 114)
Signed l.l.: ARyder
Probably inspired by Ryder's visit to Tangier in 1882.
GUENNOL COLLECTION

19. THE LONE SCOUT

Canvas. $13\frac{3}{8}$ x $10\frac{1}{4}$ (L.G. 1959, pl. 46, p. 114)
Signed l.l.: A. P. Ryder
Probably a reminiscence of Ryder's visit to Tangier in 1882.
T. EDWARD HANLEY

20. ORIENTAL CAMP

Canvas. $7\frac{1}{4}$ x 12 (L.G. 1959, pl. 43, p. 114)
Probably inspired by Ryder's visit to Tangier in 1882.
AMHERST COLLEGE
Illustrated

21. PEGASUS, or THE POET ON PEGASUS ENTERING THE REALM OF THE MUSES

Wood. 12 x $11\frac{3}{8}$ (L.G. 1959, pl. 11, p. 113, 121)
Begun by 1883; finished by 1887.
WORCESTER ART MUSEUM
Illustrated

22. RESURRECTION

Canvas. $17\frac{1}{8}$ x $14\frac{1}{8}$ (L.G. 1959, pl. 30, p. 114, 121)
Finished in 1885. Except for the figure of Christ the painting has been much restored.
THE PHILLIPS COLLECTION, WASHINGTON

23. THE TEMPLE OF THE MIND

Wood. $17\frac{13}{16}$ x $15\frac{15}{16}$ (L.G. 1959, pl. 36, 37, 38; p. 24, 25, 31, 114, 121)
Signed l.l.: Ryder
Finished by 1885.
Based on Edgar Allan Poe's poem, "The Haunted Palace", in *The Fall of the House of Usher.*
See Ryder's letter about the subject, quoted in Goodrich: *Ryder,* 1959, p. 114.
ALBRIGHT ART GALLERY, BUFFALO, N. Y.
Illustrated

24. MOONLIGHT

Wood panel, cradled. $15\frac{15}{16}$ x $17\frac{13}{16}$ (L.G. 1959, pl. 40, p. 114)
Finished by 1885. Originally on the back of the same panel as *The Temple of the Mind.*
NATIONAL COLLECTION OF FINE ARTS, WASHINGTON, D. C.
WILLIAM T. EVANS COLLECTION

25. MOONLIGHT MARINE

Wood. $11\frac{3}{8}$ x 12 (L.G. 1959, pl. 25, p. 117)
Signed l.l.: Ryder
THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART
SAMUEL D. LEE FUND, 1934

26. MOONLIT COVE

Canvas. $14\frac{1}{8}$ x $17\frac{1}{8}$ (L.G. 1959, pl. 35)
THE PHILLIPS COLLECTION, WASHINGTON
Illustrated

27. MARINE

Canvas. $12\frac{5}{8}$ x $9\frac{13}{16}$ (L.G. 1959, pl. 56)
MR. AND MRS. LEO M. ROGERS
Illustrated

28. UNDER A CLOUD

Canvas. 20 x 24 (L.G. 1959, pl. 48)
DR. AND MRS. T. DURLAND VAN ORDEN
Illustrated

29. THE LITTLE MAID OF ARCADY

Wood. $9\frac{15}{16}$ x $4\frac{3}{4}$
About 1886.
DR. AND MRS. IRVING LEVITT
Illustrated

30. THE SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY

Canvas. 12 x 10 (L.G. 1959, pl. 47, p. 115)
Signed l.l.: A P Ryder
Finished by 1889.
CANAJOHARIE ART GALLERY
Illustrated

31. JOAN OF ARC

Canvas. $10\frac{1}{8}$ x $7\frac{1}{8}$ (L.G. 1959, pl. 57, p. 115)
Signed l.l.: A. P. Ryder
Finished by 1889.
The poem written by Ryder for it is quoted in full in The Metropolitan Museum Ryder Memorial Exhibition catalogue, 1918, #6. The only error is that in the third line from the end, the "H" in "He" is capitalized.
WORCESTER ART MUSEUM
THEODORE T. AND MARY G. ELLIS COLLECTION
Illustrated

32. PERRETTE

Canvas, mounted on wood. $12\frac{7}{8}$ x $7\frac{3}{4}$ (L.G. 1959, pl. 55, p. 115)
Painted by 1890.
Based on La Fontaine's *Fables*, Book 7, Fable 10.
SMITH COLLEGE MUSEUM OF ART
Illustrated

33. ROADSIDE MEETING

Canvas. $15\frac{13}{16}$ x $12\frac{7}{16}$ (L.G. 1959, pl. 21, p. 114)
Signed l.r.: A.P. Ryder
Given by Ryder to his mother. Ryder's mother died June 19, 1892.
THE BUTLER INSTITUTE OF AMERICAN ART, YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO

34. A COUNTRY GIRL

Canvas. $9\frac{1}{2}$ x $5\frac{3}{4}$ (L.G. 1959, pl. 24)
Signed l.r.: Ryder (illegible)
RANDOLPH MACON WOMAN'S COLLEGE, LYNCHBURG, VIRGINIA

35. THE LOVERS

Wood. $10\frac{1}{2}$ x $6\frac{3}{4}$
Signed l.l.: Ryder
Said by Charles de Kay to have been inspired by Tennyson's "Sleeping Beauty".
DAVID B. FINDLAY

36. THE SISTERS, OR CHARITY

Wood. $11\frac{1}{8}$ x $5\frac{5}{8}$
CITY ART MUSEUM OF ST. LOUIS

37. THE HUNTER'S REST

Canvas. $14\frac{1}{2}$ x $24\frac{1}{4}$ (L.G. 1959, pl. 39)
MR. AND MRS. LAWRENCE A. FLEISCHMAN
Illustrated

38. THE DEAD BIRD

Wood. $4\frac{1}{4}$ x $9\frac{7}{8}$ (L.G. 1959, pl. 29)
THE PHILLIPS COLLECTION, WASHINGTON
Illustrated

39. NIGHT

Canvas. $12\frac{1}{4}$ x $20\frac{1}{4}$
Signed l.l: Ryder (now indecipherable)
GUENNOL COLLECTION

40. GAY HEAD

Canvas. $7\frac{1}{2}$ x $12\frac{1}{4}$ (L.G. 1959, pl. 14)
Signed l.r.: Ryder
THE PHILLIPS COLLECTION, WASHINGTON

41. THE WINDMILL
Canvas. 16 x 14 (L.G. 1959, pl. 16)
GUENNOL COLLECTION

42. DIANA
Gilded leather on canvas. 28¾ x 19⅞ (L.G. 1959, pl. 53)
DR. AND MRS. JOHN J. MAYERS
Illustrated

43. A STAG DRINKING
Gilded leather. 27 x 19⅛ (L.G. 1959, pl. 51, p. 115)
A panel from a three-panel screen, of which the center was painted by Homer D. Martin.
MRS. GEORGE BERGER, JR.

44. SHORE SCENE
Canvas. 9½ x 27¼ (L.G. 1959, pl. 49)
GEORGIA MUSEUM OF ART, ATHENS, GEORGIA

45. THE GONDOLA
Gilded leather. 8½ x 26
DAVID B. FINDLAY

46. THE EQUESTRIAN
Canvas. 9 x 12
The rider is the painter J. Alden Weir.
PORTLAND ART MUSEUM, OREGON

47. WEIR'S ORCHARD
Canvas. 17⅛ x 21 (L.G. 1959, pl. 81, p. 116)
The scene is J. Alden Weir's farm at Branchville, Connecticut.
T. EDWARD HANLEY
Illustrated

48. MACBETH AND THE WITCHES
Canvas mounted on wood panel. 10 x 10
Finished by 1890.
THE ART MUSEUM, PRINCETON UNIVERSITY

49. THE STORY OF THE CROSS
Canvas. 14 x 11⅜ (L.G. 1959, pl. 58, p. 115, 121)
Probably begun before 1890.
GUENNOL COLLECTION
Illustrated

50. THE STORY OF THE CROSS
drawing
Pen and ink on paper. 7¼ x 5⅜
Inscribed l.r.: The Story of the Cross, A.P. Ryder
THE ART MUSEUM, PRINCETON UNIVERSITY

51. SIEGFRIED AND THE RHINE MAIDENS
Canvas. 19¾ x 20½ (L.G. 1959, pl. 61, 62, 63, 64, p. 18, 115, 121)
Signed l.l.: A.P. Ryder
Finished by 1891.
NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART
MELLON COLLECTION
Illustrated

52. THE TEMPEST
Canvas. 27½ x 35 (L.G. 1959, pl. 68, p. 31, 116, 121)
Exhibited in 1891, but worked on later, and remained in Ryder's studio until his death.
Based on Shakespeare's *The Tempest*, Act I, Scene II.
THE DETROIT INSTITUTE OF ARTS
Illustrated

53. HOMEWARD BOUND
Canvas mounted on wood. 8⅞ x 18 (L.G. 1959, pl. 28, p. 114)
Signed l.r.: A.P. Ryder
About 1893-94.
THE PHILLIPS COLLECTION, WASHINGTON

54. MACBETH AND THE WITCHES
Canvas. 28⅛ x 35¾ (L.G. 1959, pl. 73, 74, 75, p. 18, 116, 121)
Based on Shakespeare's *Macbeth*, Act I, Scene III.
Probably begun before 1895; worked on for fifteen to twenty years.
THE PHILLIPS COLLECTION, WASHINGTON
Illustrated

55. DESDEMONA

Canvas. $14\frac{1}{8}$ x $10\frac{1}{8}$ (L.G. 1959, pl. 60, p. 31, 115)
Finished in 1896.
THE PHILLIPS COLLECTION, WASHINGTON
Illustrated

56. CONSTANCE

Canvas. $28\frac{1}{4}$ x $35\frac{3}{4}$ (L.G. 1959, pl. 65, 66, 67; p. 19, 115, 121)
Based on Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales,* "The Man of Law's Tale."
Finished in 1896.
MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS, BOSTON
Illustrated

57. THE LORELEI

Canvas. $22\frac{1}{2}$ x $19\frac{1}{4}$ (L.G. 1959, pl. 76, p. 31, 116)
Begun in 1896; still being worked on in 1906; remained in his studio at his death.
GUENNOL COLLECTION
Illustrated

58. LANDSCAPE

Canvas. $9\frac{5}{8}$ x 14
Signed l.l.: Ryder
Finished in 1898.
THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART
GIFT OF FREDERICK KUHNE, 1952
Illustrated

The color plates used for the illustrations were graciously lent by George Braziller, Inc.

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